

The Tragedie

Enter the Queene.

Q. Who shall hinder me to waile and weepe,
To chide my fortune, and torment my selfe?
He ioyne with blacke dispaire against my selfe,
And to my selfe become an enimie.

Dut. What meanes this sceane of rude impatience?

Q. To make an act of tragicke violence,
Edward, my Lord, your sonne our king is dead.
Why grow the branches, now the roote is withred?
Why wither not the leaues, the sap being gone?
If you will liue, lament; if die, be brieft:
That our swift winged soules may catch the kings,
Or like obedient subiects, follow him
To his new kingdome of perpetuall rest.

Dut. Ah so much interest haue I in thy sorrow,
As I had title in thy noble husband:
I haue bewept a worthy husbands death,
And liu'd by looking on his images.
But now two mirrors of his princely semblance,
Are crackt in peeces by malignant death,
And I for comfort haue but one false glasse,
Which grieues me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow, yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee:
But death hath snatcht my children from mine armes,
And pluckt two crutches from my feeble limmes,
Edward and Clarence, Oh what cause haue I
Then, being but moitie of my griefe,
To ouergo thy plaints and drowne the cries?
Boy. Good Aunt, you wept not for our fathers death,
How can we aide you with our kindreds teares?
Gerl. Our fatherlesse distresse was left vnmoand,
Your widowes dolours likewise be vnwept.
Q. Giue me no helpe in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth laments,
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I being governd by the watry moane,
May send forth plenteous teares to drowne the world:
Oh for my husband, for my heire Lo. Edward.

Amb.

of Richard the third.

As loth to beare me to the slaughter-house.
Oh, now I want the Priest that spake to me,
I now repent I told the Pursuant,
As twere triumphing at mine enemies,
How they at Pomfret bloodily were burcherd,
And I my selfe secure in grace and fauour:
Oh Margaret, Margaret: now thy heauie curse
Is lighted on poore Hastings wretched head.

Cut. Dispatch my Lord, the Duke would be at dinner:
Make a short shrift, he longs to see your head.

Hast. O momentary state of worldly men,
Which we more hunt for, then for the grace of heauen:
Who builds his hopes in aire of your faire looks,
Lies like a drunken Sayler on a mast,
Ready with euery nod to tumble downe
Into the fatall bowels of the deepe.

Come leade me to the blocke, beare him my head,
They smile at me, that shortly shall be dead. *Exeunt.*

Enter Duke of Gloster and Buckingham in armour.

Glo. Come cosen, canst thou quake & change thy colour?
Murther thy breath in middle of a word,
And then begin againe and stop againe,
As if thou wert distraught and mad with terror.

Buc. Tut feare not me.
I can counterfeit the deepe Tragedian,
Speake, and looke backe, and pricke on euery side:
Intending deepe suspicion, gasty looks
Are at my seruice like inforced smiles,
And both are readie in their offices
To grace my stratagems. *Enter Maior.*

Glo. Here comes the Maior.

Buc. Let me alone to entertaine him. Lord Maior.

Glo. Looke to the drawbridge there.

Buc. The reason we haue sent for you.

Glo. Catesby ouerlook the walles.

Buc. Harke, I heare a drumme.

Glo. Looke backe, defend thee, here are enemies.

Buc. God and our innocencie defend vs.

Glo. O, O, be quiet, it is Catesby.

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Enter